

GOLD



YOGI BEAR

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HANNA-BARBERA

YOGI BEAR

10056-901

JANUARY





POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602.
YOGI BEAR, No. 35, January, 1969. Published quarterly by Western Publishing Company, Inc., North Road, Poughkeepsie, New York 12602.
Second-class postage paid at Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscription price in the U.S.A. 50c per year; foreign subscriptions 80c per year;
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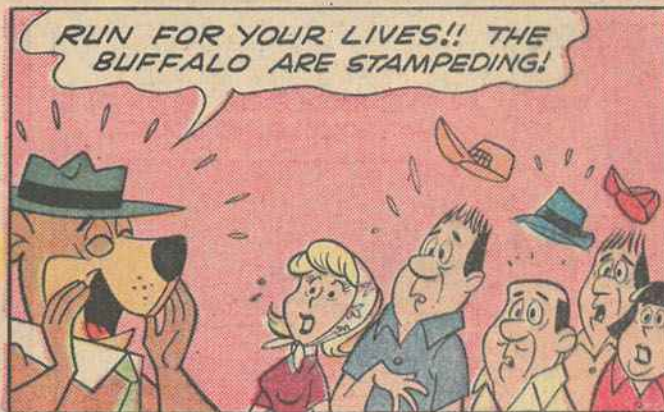
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YOGI BEAR

TOO MUCH TO BEAR

YOU'RE AN UNGRATEFUL BEAR, YOGI!
WE GIVE YOU A NICE HOME AND PROTECTION
FROM HUNTERS, AND ALL YOU DO IS CAUSE
TROUBLE!

REPRINTED
BY POPULAR DEMAND

EVERY DAY
I GET A
LECTURE!

JELLYSTONE
NATIONAL PARK
NO BEAR HUNTING
ON PARK GROUNDS

BANG!
BANG!

YOU SCARE THE TOURISTS AWAY!
STOP GROWLING FOR THEIR FOOD!
STOP MAKING SILLY FACES
WHEN THEY TAKE YOUR
PICTURE...

SHOW SOME RESPECT FOR
PEOPLE...

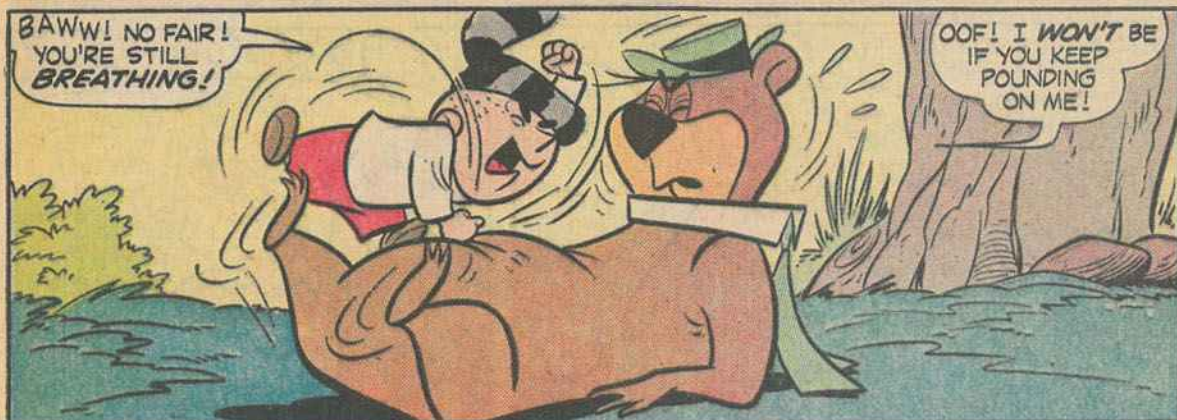
YAK! YAK!
YAK!

TRY TO PLEASE
THE VISITORS!

CHEE! WHAT A
GROUCH! I'M
FED UP WITH
HIS LECTURES!

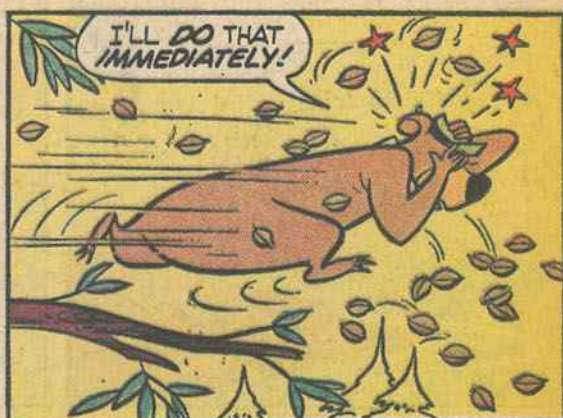
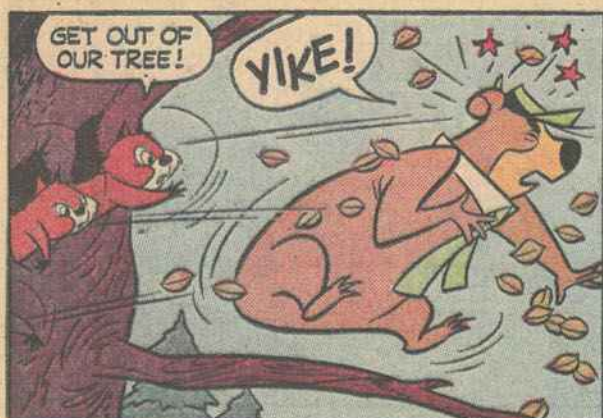
I'LL SHOW HIM!
I'LL GO LIVE IN
THE WILDS...

ENTRANCE







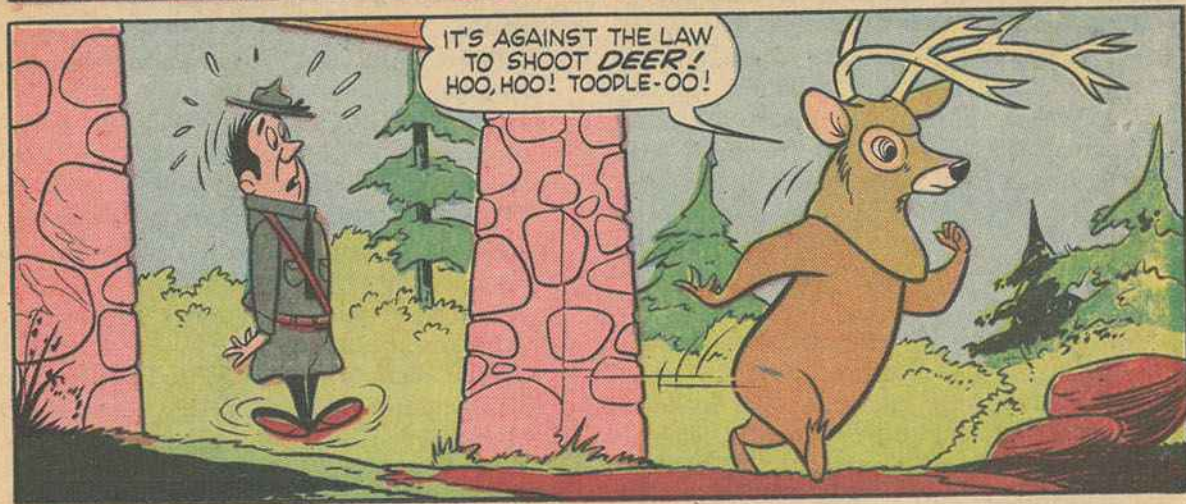


POOF!











Yakky Doodle was walking down the forest trail one evening when he met sneaky Mr. Weasel.

"Well, hello there, my finely feathered friend," chuckled Mr. Weasel. "Nice night for a duck dinner, isn't it?"

"Gee, I guess so," agreed Yakky Doodle. "Hey! I mean, no. 'Cause I'm a duck."

"Ho, ho, I was just joshing," said Mr. Weasel. "But it happens that you can help me in a surprise that I'm working on. How would you like to help me gather Farmer Brown's chick... er, I mean eggs, tonight?"

"I thought Farmer Brown always gathered his eggs in the morning," protested Yakky.

"That's the surprise, silly. I'm going to gather them for him at night, so that, when he wakes up in the morning, the job will be all done. Then he'll see the good side of me."

"That's a swell surprise," chuckled Yakky. "What do you want me to do?"

"Yours is the most important job," said Mr. Weasel. "You stand watch by the farmhouse. If the chickens squawk too loudly and wake up Farmer Brown, you signal me."

"How can I do that from so far away?" questioned the practical Yakky.

"We'll need a signal that won't arouse suspicion, so I can beat it before Farmer Brown misunderstands my intentions. Hmmm, let's see, now. I know. You can crow like a rooster. You know, cock-a-doodle-doo and things like that. Do you think you can do it?"

"I'll try my best, Mr. Weasel. Anything to help."

"And, meantime," grinned Mr. Weasel, "I'll have the real rooster locked up in a soundproof box so he won't give us any trouble. I'll let him go later, of course, heh, heh."

"Oh, of course," said Yakky Doodle.

Soon, sneaky Mr. Weasel was creeping through the darkness to the door of Farmer Brown's chicken coop. WHISH! He opened the door. GRAB! He snatched Farmer Brown's alarm-giving rooster from his perch and stuffed him inside a soundproof box.

"Cluck-a-buck-a-buck," cried the chickens, as Mr. Weasel began to make the rounds.

Back near the farmhouse, Yakky was waiting, as directed, never suspecting that sneaky Mr. Weasel was stuffing chickens into a bag instead of eggs into a basket, as he had promised to do.

Suddenly, a window in the farmhouse was opened. Farmer Brown had heard the chickens clucking, and he called out, "What's going on out there?"

"Time for me to go into action," chuckled Yakky Doodle.

He opened his mouth to crow, "Cock-a-doodle-doo." Instead, it came out, "Quack-a-doodle-doo. Quack-squak-a-doodle-doo. Quack-quack-quack-a-doodle-doo."

"That's not a rooster," cried Farmer Brown. "Better check up. Might be that pesky weasel again."

BAM! BAM! BAM! went Farmer Brown's big shotgun, a moment later.

"Oh! Ow!" cried Mr. Weasel, as he dropped his sack of chickens and ran away.

The next day, Yakky Doodle was swimming in the pond when he was again approached by Mr. Weasel.

"Hmmm!" said Mr. Weasel. "Fine rooster you turned out to be."

"You shouldn't have tried to trick me into helping you," said Yakky. "But it turned out okay, anyway. I did the quacking, but you got a shellacking."



Reader's Page MONSTERS

Our readers (that's you) are proving every day what talented artists they are. Here's a pageful of drawings you sent. Keep them coming! For best reproduction, draw in black ink on white paper. Mail to the address below.

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BATTLE-ROB



Leroy Butler
Virginia Beach, Virginia

FINOSAURUS

Tries to hitch rides on surfboards.



Mark Howard Bowman
San Marcos, California

DINKYOSAURUS

Knocks down objects with its tail.



Paul Tscherne
Garfield Heights, Ohio

BRAIN MONSTER

Makes people obey his commands.



John Herschkorn
Los Alamitos, California

THE ENERGY BEAST

Can blow smoke through its nose.



George Madlinger
Beaufort, South Carolina

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NORTH ROAD
POUGHKEEPSIE, N.Y. 12601



JOKES ON YOU



Riddle: Why does a tall man eat less than a short man?

Answer: Because he makes a little go a long way.

Julia Clancy—Groves, Texas

Riddle: Why can't the world ever end?

Answer: Because it's round.

Gerri Begay—Keams Canyon, Arizona

Riddle: Why did the man put his radio in his refrigerator?

Answer: Because he wanted to hear cool music.

Mark Goeman—Houston, Texas

Tom: My father always whistles when he works.

Tim: He must be a happy guy.

Tom: Not really—he's a traffic cop.

Paul Stiles—Galgary, Alberta, Canada

Riddle: Why should you never tell secrets in a stable?

Answer: Because horses carry tails (tales).

Alexis Gillespie—Wilmington, Delaware

Riddle: When did the Irish potato change its nationality?

Answer: When it became a French Fry.

Laura Hunt—Brockville, Ontario, Canada

Barber: (to long-haired teen-ager): OK, it's your turn.

Teen-Ager: Oh, I'm not waiting for a haircut. I'm hiding from my father and this is the last place he'd look for me!

Elizabeth Scanlon—Natchez, Mississippi

Riddle: What happened to the clock when it was wound up?

Answer: It went coo-coo.

James A. Marshall Jr.—Dresden, New York

Riddle: What tree never has leaves?

Answer: A family tree.

Herbert Ah Kwong Yuen—Honolulu, Hawaii

Mary: Why did Jane go outdoors with her purse open?

Alice: Because she was expecting some change in the weather.

April Walker—Welland, Ontario, Canada

John: I wonder what keeps the moon up in the sky.

Paul: Moon beams, probably.

Delbert Stone—Tucker, Georgia

Riddle: Why are the hours one to twelve like a good policeman?

Answer: They are always on the watch.

Noreen Mailloux—So. Meriden, Connecticut

Henry: If you crawled into a hole and dug and dug like a mole, where would you finally come out?

David: Out of the hole.

Kevin Miller—Salem, New Hampshire

Riddle: Why is a calendar so sad?

Answer: Because its days are numbered.

Tommy Heldreth—Greensboro, North Carolina

Riddle: Why does a chicken lay eggs?

Answer: Because if it dropped them they would break.

Debra May—Cleveland, Ohio

First Kangaroo to

Second Kangaroo: If we're going to that party we'd better hop to it!

Robin Hagan—Chibougamau, Quebec, Canada

Patty: Did you know that it takes three sheep to make one sweater?

Matty: No I didn't even know they could knit!

Maria Potenza—Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Riddle: What's the smallest bridge in the world?

Answer: The bridge of your nose.

Burry Menzelefsky—Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Mike: Our hen can lay an egg 4 inches long. Can you beat that?

Tom: Yes, with an egg beater.

Mike Munn—Portage, Michigan

Riddle: What makes the Tower of Pisa lean?

Answer: It never eats.

Edyth A. Donaldson—Spring Creek, Pennsylvania

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Yogi Bear

NO ESCAPE

AS YOGI AND BOO BOO START A NEW DAY, A PAIR OF EYES KEEP WATCH...

THE START OF ANOTHER DAY, HEY-HEY-HEY! I ONLY GOT FOURTEEN HOURS SLEEP LAST NIGHT! GOOD THING I TOOK A NAP IN THE AFTERNOON!

REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND

HOLD IT RIGHT THERE WHILE I SHOOT YOU!

YIPE! DON'T SHOOT! BEAR MEAT ISN'T AS GOOD AS THEY SAY IT IS!

DON'T BE SILLY! I'M JUST SHOOTING YOUR PICTURE!

WHEW! YOU REALLY GAVE US A SCARE!

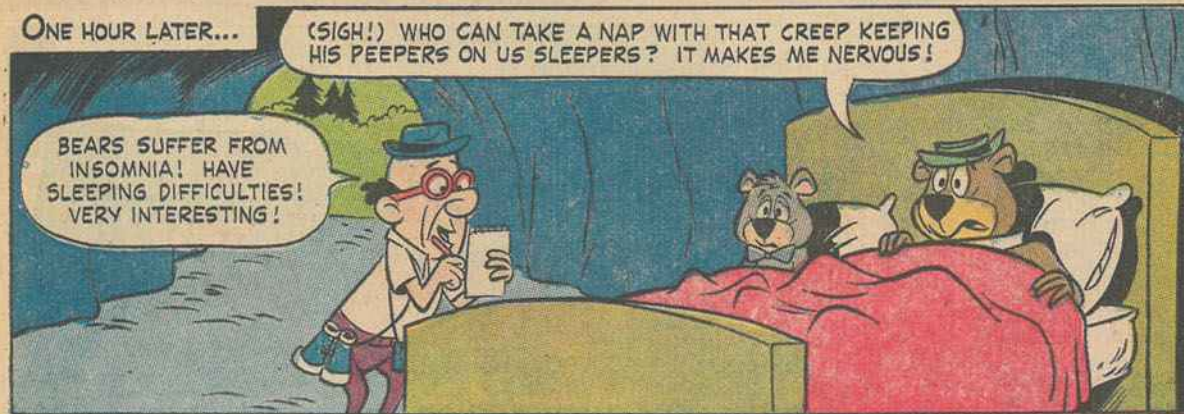
I MUST MAKE A NOTE OF THAT! BEARS ARE EASILY FRIGHTENED!

HEY! WHAT'S WITH THE PAD, DAD? ARE YOU A WRITER OR SOMETHING?

NO! THIS IS MY HOBBY! I'M A BEAR WATCHER! I USED TO BE A BIRD WATCHER, BUT I MOVED ON TO BIGGER THINGS!

BETTER THINGS, TOO! US BEARS ARE A LOT MORE INTERESTING THAN BIRDS!



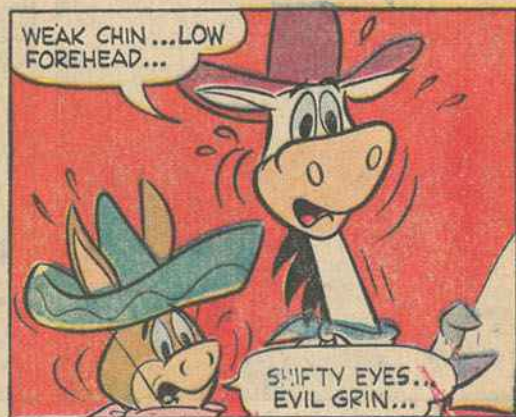


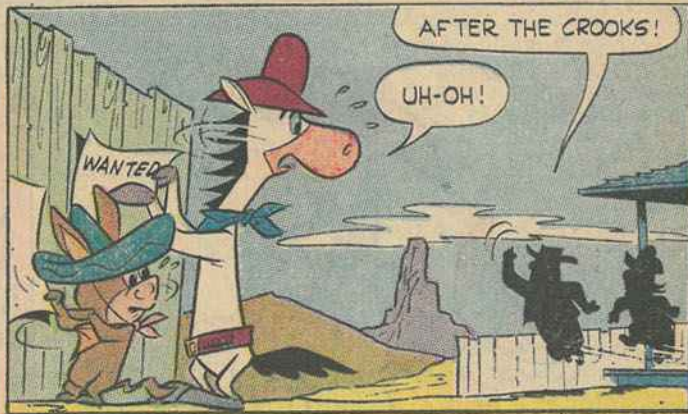
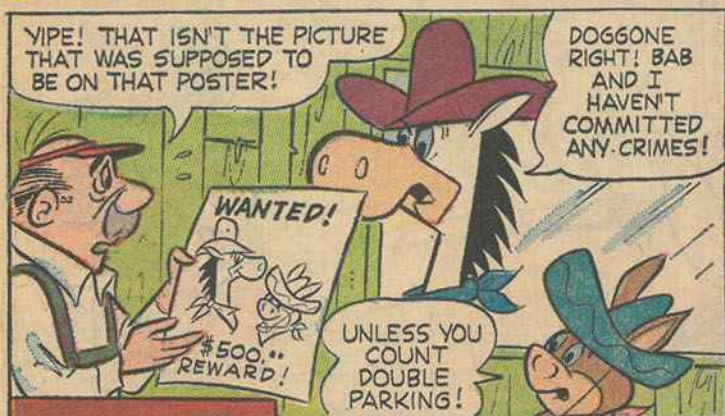
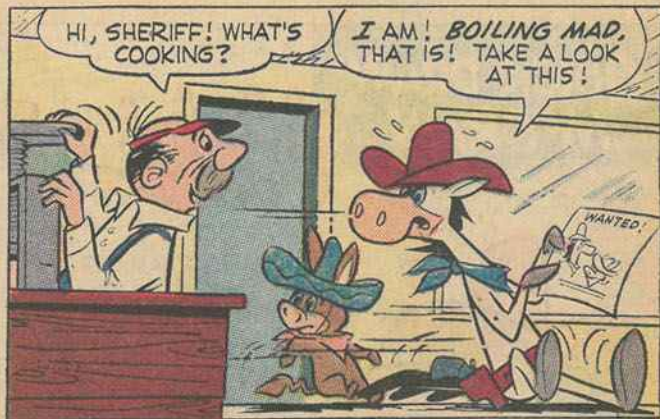
FINALLY, MUCH LATER...



QUICK DRAW
McGRAW

WELL POSTED









Yogii Bear

BING BONG BEAR

HEY! WHO'S THE HALLOWEENER WHO'S BEEN RINGING MY DOOR CHIMES?

YOGI

REPRINTED BY POPULAR DEMAND

BING-BONG!

THERE IT GOES AGAIN! IT CAN'T BE MY DOOR CHIMES!

I CAN'T GET AWAY FROM IT!

BING-BONG!

BING-BONG!

IN FACT, THIS IS LIKE BEING SHUT IN A CLOSET WITH IT!

YOGI... YOU'RE A SICK BEAR!

EH? WHY DIDN'T YOU RING BEFORE ENTERING MY PRIVATE OFFICE?

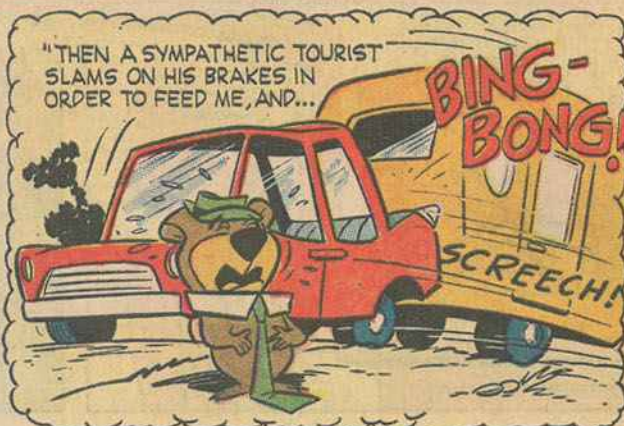
OOOPS! EXCUSE, PLEASE! I THOUGHT I DID! YOU SEE, I'VE GOT A BING-BONG IN MY EARS!

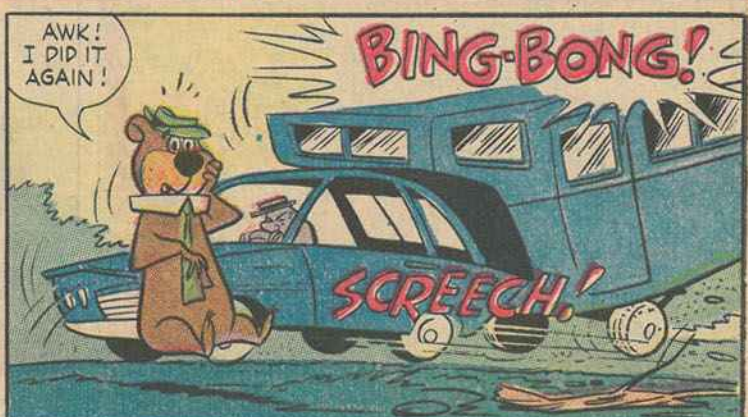
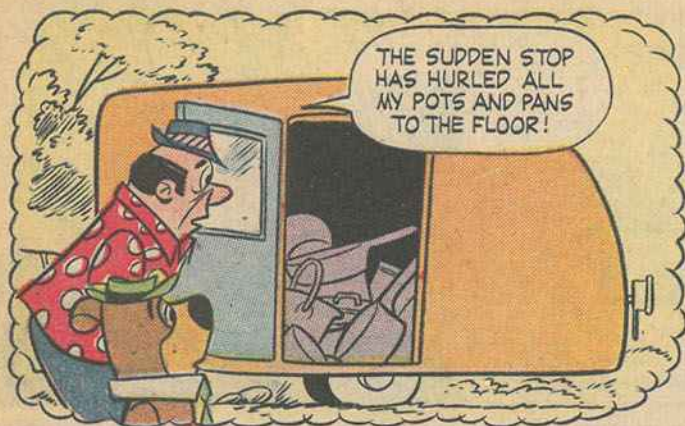
AHA! DIET IS THE CURE FOR THAT... YOU NEED TO REDUCE!

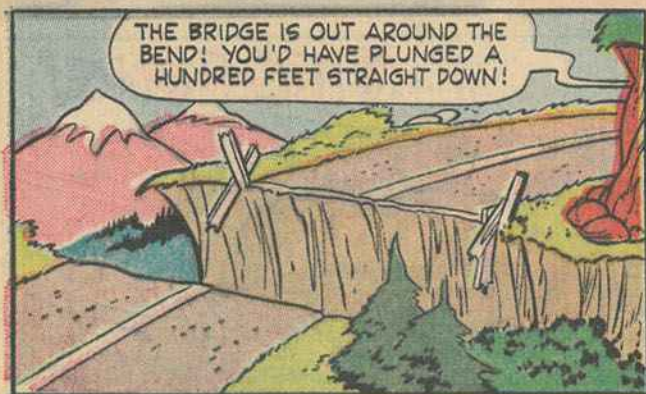
BUT...

THE WEAKER I GET, THE STRONGER THE BING-BONG!

BING-BONG!



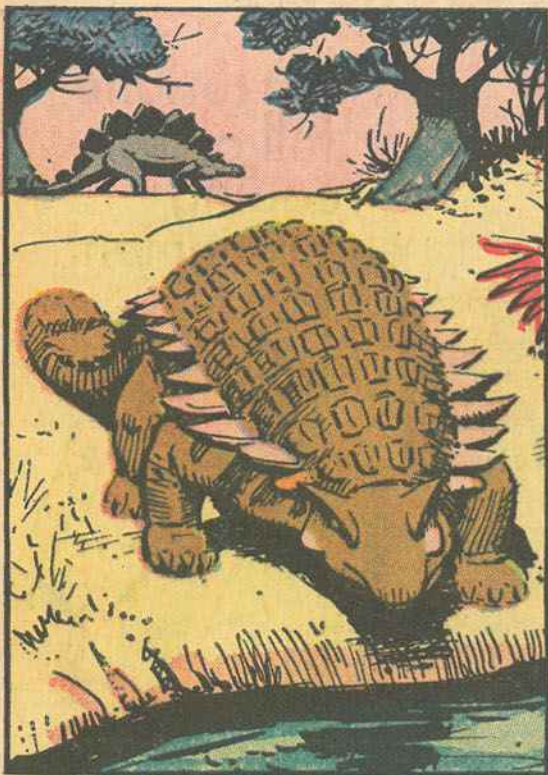






DINOSAURIA

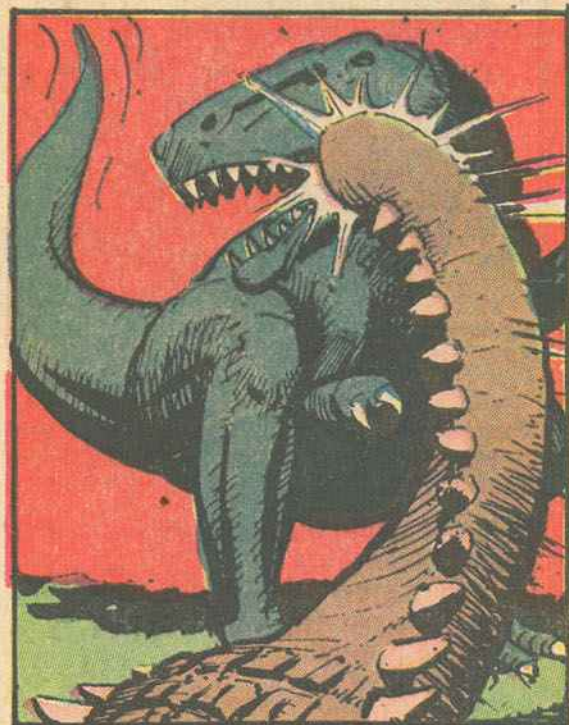
ANKYLOSAURUS



In the Mesozoic world of over a hundred million years ago, just as the spike-backed stegosaurus became extinct, the true armored dinosaur — the ankylosaurus — appeared. Shaped like a turtle with a humped back, the ankylosaurus weighed several tons and was about fifteen feet long. Its whole upper body was protected by touching, almost overlapping bony plates. Rows of sharp bony spikes protected its sides. Under attack, it could flop flat on the ground, too heavy to be turned over by the flesh-eating dinosaur. Its armor was also able to turn away the hungry teeth or attacking claws of the dinosaur.



The ankylosaurus's head was encased in thick bony plates. Its eyes were tiny. Its small teeth marked it as a plant eater that favored soft vegetation.



The ankylosaurus's tail ended in a heavy, round bony mass that served as a defensive weapon. Attacked, it could use its tail as a powerful, lashing mace.